

Yorke. Then, as I said, the Duke, great *Bullingbrooke*, Mounted vpon a hot and fierie Steed, Which his aspiring Rider seem'd to know, With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course: While all tongues cride, God saue thee *Bullingbrooke*. You would haue thought the very windowes spake, So many greedy lookes of yong and old, Through Casements darted their desiring eyes Vpon his visage: and that all the walles, With painted Imagery had said at once, Iesu preferue thee, welcom *Bullingbrooke*. Whil'ft he, from one side to the other turning, Bare-headed, lower then his proud Steeds necke, Bespake them thus: I thanke you Countymen: And thus still doing, thus he past along.

Dutch. Alas poore *Richard*, where rides he the whilft? *Yorke.* As in a Theater, the eyes of men After a well grac'd Actor leaues the Stage, Are idly bent on him that enters next, Thinking his prattle to be tedious: Euen so, or with much more contempt, mens eyes Did scowle on *Richard*: no man cride, God saue him: No ioyfull tongue gaue him his welcome home, But dust was throwne vpon his Sacred head, Which with such gentle sorrow he shooke off, His face still combating with teares and smiles (The badges of his griefe and patience) That had nor God (for some strong purpose) steeld The hearts of men, they must perforce haue melted, And Barbarisme it selfe haue pittied him. But heauen hath a hand in these euents, To whose high will we bound our calme contents. To *Bullingbrooke*, are we sworne Subiects now, Whose State, and Honor, I for aye allow.

Enter Aumerle.

Dut. Heere comes my sonne *Aumerle*.
Yor. *Aumerle* that was,
But that is lost, for being *Richards* Friend.
And Madam, you must call him *Rutland* now:
I am in Parliament pledge for his truth,
And lasting fealtie to the new-made King.
Dut. Welcome my sonne: who are the Violets now,
That strew the Greene lap of the new-come Spring?
Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not,
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.
Yorke. Well, beare you well in this new-spring of time
Least you be cropt before you come to pteere.
What newes from Oxford? Hold those lusts & Triumphs?
Aum. For ought I know my Lord, they do.
Yorke. You will be there I know.
Aum. If God preuent not, I purpose so.
Yor. What Seale is that that hangs without thy bosom?
Yea, look'ft thou pale? Let me see the Writing.
Aum. My Lord, 'tis nothing.
Yorke. No matter then who sees it,
I will be satisfied, let me see the Writing.
Aum. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not haue scene.
Yorke. Which for some reasons sir, I meane to see:
I feare, I feare.

Dut. What should you feare?
'Tis nothing but some bond, that he is enter'd into
For gay apparrell, against the Triumph.
Yorke. Bound to himselfe? What doth he with a Bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a foole.

Boy, let me see the Writing.

Aum. I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it.
Yor. I will be satisfied: let me see it I say. *Snatches it*
Treason, foule Treason, Villaine, Traitor, Slaue.
Dut. What's the matter, my Lord?
Yorke. Hoa, who's within there? Saddle my horse.
Heauen for his mercy: what treachery is heere?
Dut. Why, what is't my Lord?
Yorke. Giue me my boots, I say: Saddle my horse.
Now by my Honor, my life, my troth,
I will appeach the Villaine.

Dut. What is the matter?
Yorke. Peace foolish Woman.
Dut. I will not peace. What is the matter Sonne?
Aum. Good Mother be content, it is no more
Then my poore life must answer.
Dut. Thy life answer?

Enter Seruant with Boots.

Yor. Bring me my Boots, I will vnto the King.
Dut. Strike him *Aumerle*. Poore boy, y'are amaz'd,
Hence Villaine, neuer more come in my sight.
Yor. Giue me my Boots, I say.
Dut. Why *Yorke*, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the Trespasse of thine owne?
Haue we more Sonnes? Or are we like to haue?
Is not my teeming date drunke vp with time?
And wilt thou plucke my faire Sonne from mine Age,
And rob me of a happy Mothers name?
Is he not like thee? Is he not thine owne?
Yor. Thou fond mad woman:
Wilt thou conceale this darke Conspiracy?
A dozen of them heere haue rane the Sacrament,
And interchangeably set downe their hands
To kill the King at Oxford.
Dut. He shall be none:

Wee'l keepe him heere: then what is that to him?
Yor. Away fond woman: were hee twenty times my
Son, I would appeach him.
Dut. Hadst thou groan'd for him as I haue done,
Thou wouldest be more pittifull:
But now I know thy minde; thou do'st suspect
That I haue bene disloyall to thy bed,
And that he is a Bastard, not thy Sonne:
Sweet *Yorke*, sweet husband, be not of that minde:
He is as like thee, as a man may bee,
Not like to me, nor any of my Kin,
And yet I loue him.

Yorke. Make way, vnruely Woman. *Exit*
Dut. After *Aumerle*. Mount thee vpon his horse,
Spurre post, and get before him to the King,
And begge thy pardon, ere he do accuse thee,
He not be long behind: though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as *Yorke*:
And neuer will I rise vp from the ground,
Till *Bullingbrooke* haue pardon'd thee: Away be gone. *Exit*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Bullingbrooke, Percie, and other Lords.

Bul. Can no man tell of my vnchristie Sonne?
'Tis full three monthes since I did see him last.
If any plague hang ouer vs, 'tis he,
I would to heauen (my Lords) he might be sound:
Enquire at London, 'mongst the Tauernes there: For

For there (they say) he daily doth frequent,
With vnrestrained loose Companions,
Euen such (they say) as stand in narrow Lanes,
And rob our Watch, and beate our passengers,
Which he, yong wanton, and effeminate Boy
Takes on the point of Honor, to support
So dissolute a crew.

Per. My Lord, some two dayes since I saw the Prince,
And told him of these Triumphes held at Oxford.

Bul. And what said the Gallant?
Per. His answer was: he would vnto the Stewes,
And from the common'st creature plucke a Gloue
And weare it as a fauour, and with that
He would vnhorse the lustiest Challenger.

Bul. As dissolute as desperate, yet through both,
I see some sparkes of better hope: which elder dayes
May happily bring forth. But who comes heere?

Enter Aumerle.

Aum. Where is the King?
Bul. What meanes our Cofin, that hee stares
And lookes so wildly?

Aum. God saue your Grace. I do beseech your Maiessty
To haue some conference with your Grace alone.

Bul. Withdraw your selues, and leaue vs here alone:
What is the matter with our Cofin now?

Aum. For euer may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleaue to my roole within my mouth,
Vile as a Pardon, ere I rise, or speake.

Bul. Intended, or committed was this fault?

If on the first, how heynous ere it bee,

To win thy after loue, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then giue me leaue, that I may turne the key,
That no man enter, till my tale me done.

Bul. Haue thy desire. *Yorke within.*

Yor. My Liege beware, looke to thy selfe,

Thou hast a Traitor in thy presence there.

Bul. Villaine, Ile make thee safe.

Aum. Stay thy reuengefull hand, thou hast no cause
to feare.

Yorke. Open the doore, secure foole-hardy King:
Shall I for loue speake treason to thy face?

Open the doore, or I will breake it open.

Enter Yorke.

Bul. What is the matter (Vnkle) speake, recouer breath,
Tell vs how neere is danger,
That we may arme vs to encounter it.

Yor. Peruse this writing heere, and thou shalt know
The reason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum. Remember as thou read'st, thy promise past:
I do repent me, reade not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

Yor. It was (villaine) ere thy hand did set it downe.
I tore it from the Traitors bosome, King.
Feare, and not Loue, begets his penitence;
Forget to pittie him, least thy pittie proue
A Serpent, that will sting thee to the heart.

Bul. Oh heinous, strong, and bold Conspiracie,
O loyall Father of a treacherous Sonne:
Thou sheere, immaculate, and siluer fountaine,
From whence this streame, through muddy passages
Hath had his current, and defild himselfe.
Thy ouerflow of good, conuerts to bad,
And thy abundant goodnesse shall excuse
This deadly blot, in thy digressing sonne.

Yorke. So shall my Vertue be his Vices bawd,
And he shall spend mine Honour, with his Shame;

As thriflesse Sonnes, their scraping Fathers Gold,
Mine honor liues, when his dishonor dies,
Or my sham'd life, in his dishonor lies:
Thou kill'st me in his life, giuing him breath,
The Traitor liues, the true man's put to death.

Dutcheffe within.

Dut. What hoa (my Liege) for heauens sake let me in.
Bul. What shrill-voic'd Suppliant, makes this eager cry?

Dut. A woman, and thine Aunt (great King) 'tis I.

Speake with me, pittie me, open the doore,
A Begger begs, that neuer begg'd before.

Bul. Our Scene is alter'd from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to the Begger, and the King.

My dangerous Cofin, let your Mother in,
I know she's come, to pray for your foule sin.

Yorke. If thou do pardon, whoeuer pray,
More sinnes for this forgiuenesse, prosper may.
This fester'd ioynt cut off, the rest rests sound,
This let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter Dutcheffe.

Dut. O King, beleue not this hard-hearted man,
Loue, louing not it selfe, none other can.

Yor. Thou franticke woman, what dost y' make here,
Shall thy old dugges, once more a Traitor reare?

Dut. Sweet *Yorke* be patient, heare me gentle Liege.

Bul. Rise vp good Aunt.

Dut. Not yet, I thee beseech.

For euer will I kneele vpon my knees,
And neuer see day, that the happy sees,
Till thou giue ioy: vntill thou bid me ioy.
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing Boy.

Aum. Vnto my mothers prayres, I bend my knee.

Yorke. Against them both, my true ioynts bended be.

Dut. Pleadeth he in earnest? Looke vpon his Face,
His eyes do drop no teares: his prayres are in iest:
His words come from his mouth, ours from our brest.
He prayes but faintly, and would be denide,
We pray with heart, and soule, and all beside:
His weary ioynts would gladly rise, I know,
Our knees shall kneele, till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrisie,
Ours of true zeale, and deepe integritie:
Our prayers do out-pray his, then let them haue
That mercy, which true prayers ought to haue.

Bul. Good Aunt stand vp.

Dut. Nay, do not say stand vp.

But Pardon first, and afterwards stand vp.
And if I were thy Nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon should be the first word of thy speach.
I neuer long'd to heare a word till now:
Say Pardon (King), let pittie teach thee how.
The word is short: but not so short as sweet,
No word like Pardon, for Kings mouth's so meet.

Yorke. Speake it in French (King) say *Pardon ne moy*.

Dut. Dost thou teach pardon, Pardon to destroy?

Ah my sowe husband, my hard-hearted Lord,
That set's the word it selfe, against the word.
Speake Pardon, as 'tis currant in our Land,
The chopping French we do not vnderstand.
Thine eye begins to speake, set thy tongue there,
Or in thy pittious heart, plant thou thine care,
That hearing how our plaints and prayres do pearce,
Pitty may moue thee, Pardon to rehearse.

Bul. Good Aunt, stand vp.

Dut. I do not sue to stand,
Pardon is all the suite I haue in hand.

Bul.